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Tomkins the troubadour

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FROM

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PRICE 15 CENTS.

DE WITT'S ACTING PLAYS.

(Number 134.)

N  
TOMKINS  
**The Troubadour.**

(L'HOMME QUI A PERDU SON DO.)

A FARCE, IN ONE ACT.

By Messrs. LOCKROY and MARC MICHEL.

AS FIRST PRODUCED AT THE VARIETIES THEATRE, PARIS, AND  
IN ENGLISH AT THE QUEEN'S THEATRE, LONDON,  
UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF MR. W. H.  
LISTON, MONDAY, AUGUST 31ST, 1868.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED

A description of the Costume—Cast of the Characters—Entrances and Exits—  
Relative Positions of the Performers on the Stage, and  
the whole of the Stage Business.

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# TOMKINS THE TROUBADOUR.

*(L'Homme qui a perdu Son Do.)*

*A Farce,*

IN ONE ACT.

By MESSRS. LOCKROY AND MARC MICHEL.

AS FIRST PRODUCED AT THE VARIETIES THEATRE, PARIS, AND, IN  
ENGLISH, AT THE QUEEN'S THEATRE, LONDON, UNDER  
THE MANAGEMENT OF MR. W. H. LISTON, ON  
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TO WHICH IS ADDED

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TRANCES AND EXITS—RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE PER-  
FORMERS ON THE STAGE, AND THE WHOLE  
OF THE STAGE BUSINESS.

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NEW YORK,  
ROBERT M. DE WITT, PUBLISHER,  
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TOMKINS THE TROUBADOUR.

# CAST OF CHARACTERS.

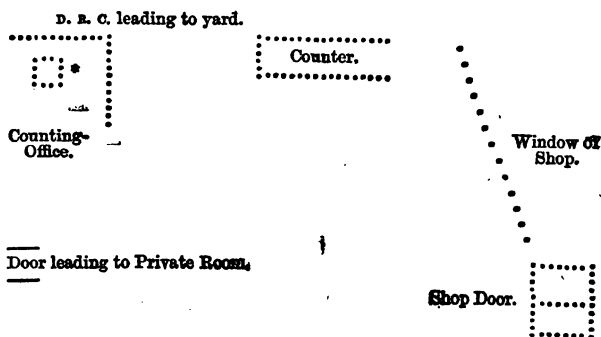
	<i>Varieties Theatre, Paris, March 10, 1855.</i>	<i>Queens Theatre, London Aug. 31, 1868.</i>
Mr. Wilkins (1st Old Man).....	M. LEGLERO.	Mr. STEPHENS.
Robinson (a Counter Jumper—2d Low Comedy).....	M. DANTERNY.	Mr. SKYTON.
Tomkins (an Apprentice—1st Low Comedy).....	M. LASAGNE.	Mr. L. BROUGH.
Maria (Wilkin's Daughter — Walking Lady).....	Mlle. DALLOCA.	Miss MONTAGUE.
Sarah Ann (a Servant—Chambermaid)....	Mlle. POTEI.	Miss LATILLA.
The Calf, Costumers, etc.		

## COSTUMES.—Modern.

TIME OF PLAYING.—THIRTY-FIVE MINUTES.

## SCENERY.

Scene.—A handsome Store, in 3d grooves.



Door to yard in s. of r. Shop door L. 2 s. Shop front extends from door L. 2 s. to L. 4 s. Counter across stage from L., nearly to door in s. r. A counting-office, with rail and curtain, s. 3 s., with table and chair in it, desk, etc. Small looking-glass hanging up in counting-house. Door s. 2 s.

## STAGE DIRECTIONS.

R. means Right of Stage, facing the Audience; L. Left; C. Centre; R. C. Right of Centre; L. C. Left of Centre. D. F. Door in the Flat, or Scene running across the back of the Stage; C. D. F. Centre Door in the Flat; B. D. F. Right Door in the Flat; L. C. F. Left Door in the Flat; R. D. Right Door; L. D. Left Door; 1 E. First Entrance; 2 E. Second Entrance; U. E. Upper Entrance; 1, 2 or 3 G. First, Second or Third Groove.

R. R. C. C. L. C. L.

The reader is supposed to be upon the stage facing the audience.



## TOMKINS THE TROUBADOUR.

SCENE.—*An Ironmonger's Shop in Dorking, in 3d grooves.*

SARAH ANN *discovered, dusting.*

SARAH ANN. Not a soul in the shop, and I've taken the shutters down this half-hour. Now, master's away, everything goes to wreck and ruin. There's Mr. Robinson, our shopman, who never gets up till nearly nine o'clock—and as for that chap, Tompkins, our new apprentice, I cannot make him out, he seems to do nothing but fight with the calf in the back yard, instead of minding the shop.

ROB. *(calling from inner room, R.)*. Sarah Hann!

SARAH. Ah! at last here's Mr. Robinson. Well, I should be sorry to buy him at his price and sell him at mine. He's always at the looking-glass arranging his hair, or his neck-tie, like a girl. Give me a man as is a man.

*Enter ROBINSON, R. 2 E., with comb and brush.*

ROB. Sarah, my dear, I can't arrange my 'air this morning—will you make my parting for me? Right in the middle I want it.

SARAH. Do it yourself—I've got work enough of my own to do, without looking after your greasy hair, Mr. Robinson!

ROB. Well, well, Sarah, don't be personal—there's many a girl would be proud of the job. *(goes to glass in counting-house and makes his parting)* I'll do it myself; I thought that you'd help me, as you have nothing to do.

SARAH. Nothing, indeed! that's what I seldom do. But I can't stand here chatting, I must go and look after the calf. *(coming down, c.)*

ROB. And pray how is the calf? Don't forget to give him my love.

SARAH. I can't quite make out what's come over him, he seems languid like—

ROB. Yes; so I thought when I saw him—he seemed to me to be a trifle pale, too.

SARAH. It's all very well your chaffing, Mr. Robinson, but if he dies, it will be no joke for me. When master comes back he will say it was my fault—drat the creature!

ROB. Perhaps his mamma does not give him enough milk.

SARAH. Well, I don't understand it; whenever I try to milk her there's no milk, and who's to get it if it's not the calf?

ROB. Why don't you try a bottle?

SARAH. That's an idea.

ROB. But where is that confounded Tomkins, eh? *(calls)* Tomkins!

CALF *(outside door in R. F.)*. Bah!

ROB. There's that other calf answering me. But I can't wait here, I've got an appointment. *(calls)* Tomkins!



SARAH. I dare say he's taking one of those mustard baths of his.

ROB. What, does he still go on with that game? He's a living mystery, that young fellow. I wonder where the governor picked him up—he always has his feet in hot water, always gargling his throat with some mess, and then he lives on cucumbers and fresh heggs.

SARAH. But that ain't all—I've found out something more wonderful.

ROB. And what's that?

SARAH (*mysteriously*). Every night he goes down into the back yard and plays the guitar to the one cow and her calf.

ROB. Well, that is a rum go—to give a concert to those domestic quadrupeds—he must be cracked.

CALF. Bah!

TOMK. (*in yard, D. R. F.*). Ah! would you? Now then! (*noise of scuffling.*)

ROB. What on earth is the matter? (*goes up to the door.*)

SARAH. It's him and the calf fighting together.

TOMK. (*in yard.*) Lie down. Ah! ah!

*Enter TOMKINS, D. R. C., shutting door quickly after him.*

The coward—to butt me like that, and right in the stomach. (*he speaks hoarsely throughout.*)

ROB. (*with dignity*). Young man, this conduct requires explanation. With what object have you been indulging in the combats of the bull ring with an unoffending young calf? [*Exit SARAH, D. R. C.*]

TOMK. (*loftily*). Permit me to ask, sir, whether this has anything to do with my official duties in this shop?

ROB. No—but—

TOMK. You will allow me then not to reply to your question.

ROB. And pray why do you serenade the cow every night?

TOMK. Why?

ROB. Yes, why?

TOMK. (*C.*). Life has its mysteries. (*solemnly.*)

ROB. (*aside*). What solemnity! (*to TOMKINS*) Look here, my young friend, you are beginning to bore me—I can't make you out, you've puzzled me never since you've been here. Where do you come from, and pray why do you eat so many cucumbers?

TOMK. There are enough left for you, I hope. (*goes behind counter.*)

ROB. (*aside*). How very severe—there's nothing to be got out of him. (*aloud*) Tomkins, I've got some business out of doors; I leave you in charge of the shop. (*takes his hat—going out*) I should like to punch his head for him, confound his hairs! [*Exit, D. L.*]

TOMK. (*advances and stands with folded arms*). Yes, I'll take care of the shop—I'm good for nothing else, now. In vain I feed on cucumbers—in vain I put my feet every night in mustard baths till the skin comes off—in vain I steal from yonder cow the soothing liquid destined for its offspring, nothing will give me back my voice, once so pure, so melodious. (*he runs up the scale and breaks down*) Yes, this is the mystery. (*to the audience*) This is the worm that is gnawing into my vitals. I was a musician and an artist! and every morning I used to descend from my humble garret, with my long hair floating on my shoulders, my silky beard, my light guitar, and in the parks and squares of yon vast metropolis I used to sing, like an ancient troubadour, sweet and tender airs. This plaintive romance was my favorite—

"Gayly the troubadour  
Touched his guitar—" (*breaks down.*)

Ah! what a change! When I sang nursery-maids wept, dogs howled, women threw me flowers—one especially, a fair and tender maid—she lived in Bloomsbury square; I never sang beneath her windows without her opening the lattice; she threw me more than flowers, she threw me pence—her glance went straight to my heart—I felt that I was a fool—I tried to forget her—I left London; with my light guitar and my flowing hair, I wandered through the provinces. Ah! it is in vain to struggle against Fate—I saw her again—it was in this town. A balmy summer's air—rainy—(*takes frying-pan from counter and stands in attitude*) Thus I stood, as a carriage drove up—sadly I touched my light guitar, as I sang my song of the "Troubadour," when (*excited*) I heard a cry—it was her, in the carriage—my angel of Bloomsbury-square. She had recognized me, and the carriage drove on; a dog, a little dog, fell from her lap out of the carriage. I seized it by the scruff of the neck and I rushed after the carriage—the coachman did not, or would not hear me! for four miles I followed them, shouting, panting, perspiring, wet to the skin from the rain; at last I got along side of the door—my strength almost failed me, I could only throw the brute into her lap and give one long shriek of love; the carriage went on, but the emotion, the wet, the exertion, had been too much for me. When the long-haired troubadour, that evening, tried to soothe his feelings and earn his supper by warbling a plaintive ditty, his voice was gone. This is what his silvery voice had become. (*sings in a cracked voice*) Do, re, mi, fa! So as my career was cut short, I hung up my lyre, I cut off my flowing locks—I became an apprentice to an iron-monger! Ah, destiny! destiny!

*Enter WILKINS and MARIA, by shop door, L. 2 R.*

WILK. (*looking up as he enters*). "Rogers, iron-monger." Yes, my dear, it is here—this must be his shop. (*they enter shop*) Strange, strange journey!

MARIA (*looking down*). Papa!

WILK. I do not blame you, my child; I merely observe, strange, strange journey. (*going to counter and addressing TOMKINS*) My name, young man, is Wilkins—I am a coal merchant, and respected as such. I wish to speak to Mr. Rogers, I have a letter of introduction for him—is he in?

TOMK. (*looking up to the ceiling*) My dreams of glory!

WILK. (*putting up his hand to his ear*). Eh?

TOMK. My dreams of love!

WILK. Well, it begins well—I've fallen on a deaf man, or a fool. (*aloud*) I say, is he at home?

TOMK. He—who?

WILK. Rogers, Mr. Rogers.

TOMK. You shall be told. (*calls majestically*) Sarah Ann!

WILK. I ask you a simple question, surely you can give me a simple answer.

TOMK. I am here to sell to customers, not to be asked simple questions, or to give simple answers. (*calls*) Sarah Ann! (*he sees MARIA's face*) Ah, heavens! (*he starts extravagantly and knocks over packages piled on counter in his excitement.*)

WILK. What is it?

TOMK. It is her! my angel of Bloomsbury-square!

WILK. Eh?

TOMK. Destiny, I thank you. Pray be seated, sir. (*offers him a chair.*)

WILK. No, I don't want a chair, I want Rogers. (*puts chair aside.*)

TOMK. (*aside, looking at MARIA*). She does not recognize me; changed—changed! I who once was so beautiful. (*changes attitude to attract MARIA's attention.*)

MARIA. (L.). What can this very plain-looking young man be gazing at me so for?

TOMK. (*looking at her*). Ah! (*throws things down to make MARIA look at him.*)

WILK. (*astonished*). What on earth is it? Are you mad or a fool?

TOMK. Ah! (*falls off ladder to make MARIA look.*)

MARIA. He frightens me!

WILK. Strange being—strange, strange journey.

*Re-enter SARAH, R. D., cleaning tongs.*

SARAH. Was you a calling of me, Mr. Tomkins?

TOMK. This gentleman wants to speak to you.

SARAH. Won't you sit down, sir? (*offers him a chair.*)

WILK. No. (*puts aside chair.*)

SARAH. Do you wish to speak to me, sir?

WILK. (*angry*). I want some one, I don't care who, to tell me if the proprietor of this establishment is or is not at home—yes or no.

SARAH. (R. C.). Oh, that's what you want, (*pauses*) I'll call Mr. Robinson, he'll tell you. (*goes up to door C.*)

WILK. (L. C.—*indignant*). And does it require three persons to say yes or no to a single question?

SARAH. Here is Mr. Robinson, our shopman.

*Re-enter ROBINSON, D. L. All this time TOMKINS stands entranced, looking at MARIA, who appears angry and confused.*

ROB. (*crossing to R., gayly*). I've been Tomkins 'ollow; 'ad two games and won two and ninepence, not a bad morning's work.

WILK. (*aside*). And can that common fellow be the man? (*to ROBINSON*) I want—

ROB. A customer. (*gets behind counter*) Sit down, sir.

WILK. (*puts aside chair*). Never, I want—

ROB. Kettles, saucepans, fire-irons—give it a name, sir. Look alive, Mr. Tomkins. (*looks at MARIA, aside*) A devilish nice girl! (*arranges his hair.*)

WILK. I say I want—

ROB. Nails, locks, pincers, screws, large and small, with or without heads—what shall it be, sir?

WILK. What I can't get—an answer. Is your master—

ROB. Employer, sir, if you please.

WILK. Well, then, is your employer, Mr. Rogers, at home, or is he not?

ROB. He's out. (*coming down R.*)

TOMK. He is not—

SARAH. Not at home.

WILK. Then why could not one of you have said so before? Will he be soon in?

ROB. (R.). Can't say, sir.

TOMK. He's away at Birmingham on business. }

SARAH. He's out of town. }

(*together.*)

WILK. They can only answer altogether it seems. Do either of you represent Mr. Rogers?

ROB. I do.

TOMK. He does. } *(together.)*

SARAH. He do. }

WILK. Altogether again! Hum, this makes a difference. *(to ROBINSON)*  
If I thought you sufficiently discreet—

ROB. I am.

SARAH. He is. } *(together.)*

[Exit SARAH, R.]

TOMK. He are. }

WILK. Your name?

ROB. *(R.)*. Robinson.

WILK. *(C.)*. Your age?

ROB. Thirty-two.

WILK. Have you any interest in the business?

ROB. I shall have whenever I am given one.

WILK. Married?

ROB. I might have been often.

WILK. But you are not?

ROB. I am not.

WILK. My questions are answered to my entire satisfaction. Young man, I feel the greatest confidence in you, let me shake you by the hand. *(hands letter to him)* Cast your eye over that letter.

ROB. With pleasure. *(opens it and reads)* "Dear sir.—Permit me to introduce to you Mr. John Wilkins, a gentleman extensively engaged in coals." *(ROBINSON looks up and bows—WILKINS bows)* "You will personally oblige us by receiving him with the distinction which his numerous private virtues and his high commercial integrity give him a right to expect. Your obedient servant, Jobber Brothers."

WILK. I think Mr. Jobber told me there was a postscript.

ROB. *(who has been looking at letter)*. Ah, yes—I mean, no, there is no postscript, only a slight ultipomatium for us.

WILK. Pomatium in a letter?

ROB. *(aside)*. This is the postscript. "Wilkins is an old fool—send him to the devil."

WILK. Having been so warmly recommended to your employer, I must beg you, as his represenative, to grant me a private interview.

ROB. I'm at your orders.

WILK. Have you anywhere where my daughter can warm herself?—

TOMK. *(coming forward, wildly)*. There is a fire in Mr. Rogers' private room, if she will allow me to show her the way. *(goes to door, R.)*

WILK. *(to MARIA)*. The solemn moment is approaching. I ask you, for the last time, is your mind made up? *(a pause)* I understand, it is made up—then leave me here to explain to this gentleman.

MARIA. How good you are, papa.

— WILK. Too good by a great deal. Well, well, go in there, and warm your feet, my dear.

[Exit MARIA, D. R., which TOMKINS holds open, and as she passes in she kisses her dress.]

ROB. *(points to chair in the little office)*. Now, sir, I'm ready to hear you. *(WILKINS sits.)*

WILK. I hasten to explain to you my conduct, which, at first sight, must appear somewhat singular. *(sees TOMKINS)* Who is this man?

*Re-enter SARAH, R. C., and gets behind partition.*

ROB. Mr. Tomkins, I am surprised at you, sir! your place is behind

the counter. Mr. Wilkins wishes to confide something to my private ear. (TOMKINS walks up, and ROBINSON sits in office.)

TOMK. (to SARAH). Ah, spying are you?

SARAH. Hush, get up here, and you'll hear what they say.

TOMK. But it ain't gentlemanly, is it?

SARAH. Oh, never mind. (TOMKINS gets the little steps, and looks over partition with SARAH.)

TOMK. Oh, fatality, fatality!

ROB. Now, sir, pray continue.

WILK. Are we alone?

ROB. Quite alone.

WILK. Allow me to ask you one question—have you a daughter?

ROB. (drawing himself up). Sir, I have already told you that I am an unmarried man.

WILK. Ah, yes—I forgot; I beg your pardon. Then you have never felt the feelings of a father?

ROB. Never.

WILK. Nor a mother?

ROB. Nor a mother.

WILK. I will give you a piece of advice. If ever you do have a daughter, accustom her from her childhood only to wish for what is reasonable; if you do not, her digestion will go all wrong—she will pass the whole day at her piano, singing, "Gayly the Troubadour."

TOMK. (behind partition). Ha, good heavens—my song! (faints in SARAH'S arms.)

ROB. (aside). Mad—evidently mad!

WILK. Such, sir, has been my fate—such has been the result of an excursion I made to this town with my daughter on June twentieth.

TOMK. (aside). June twentieth—the day I saw her! Be still, my heart!

WILK. Now, perhaps you can tell me what I want to find out. Do you know, here in this town, a person who, when a stranger lets fall a dog from a carriage, runs after it for miles, and then throws it in with a shriek?

TOMK. (aside). I do.

ROB. I do not understand you.

WILK. Such a man threw a dog into my daughter's lap on June twentieth. She only saw him for a minute, and—no, you will not believe it.

ROB. Yes I will—but what is it?

WILK. Pity my feelings as a father. Maria, my daughter, my Maria, loves this man.

TOMK. (aside). Heavens, do my ears deceive me?

WILK. Loves, do I say? The word is a weak one. She adores—she worships him.

ROB. Well, it is a rummy go—I will say that.

WILK. It is indeed. Last Tuesday we were at lunch—I had just helped her to some tart, when she rose from her chair, and threw herself at my feet, saying "Forgive me, papa, I love—" "Who?" I said. "The man we saw at Dorking," she replied. "Impossible," said I. "It's true, though, papa," said she. "If I do not see him I shall die." I implored her to reflect. In another moment she had fainted in my arms, and I found out that I had to choose between allowing my child to die, and to bring her down here. I brought her here.

ROB. But why do you tell me all this?

WILK. I thought that you might help me to find the man.

TOMK. (aside). He wants to find me.

ROB. And if you did find him—

WILK. I should strangle him—that is to say, if I were not a father.

ROB. And as you *are* a father—

WILK. I should marry him to my daughter, and he would have her fortune, for her mother left her three thousand pounds.

ROB. How much did you say?

WILK. Three thousand pounds.

ROB. Mr. Wilkins, I do not feel at liberty to conceal the truth any longer from you. I confess it—I *was* the man.

WILK. (*surprised*). No!

TOMK. (*aside*). Scoundrel! imposter! (TOMKINS *gets down and comes forward*.)

WILK. Well, in a town of six thousand inhabitants, I did not expect so soon—the first person—dear, dear, how wonderful—Maria! (*calls—to TOMKINS, who has placed himself before him*) No, not you—I want my daughter. (*calls*) Maria!

TOMK. A word—

ROB. Mr. Wilkins, Can he have heard?

WILK. (*getting up and walking, followed by TOMKINS*). Leave me alone—I say—I want my daughter, Maria.

*Re-enter MARIA, door R.*

MARIA. Did you call me, papa?

WILK. Only imagine—this gentleman—(*during this speech TOMKINS insists on getting before MARIA*) Not this one—do leave us, sir—get away.

ROB. (R.). I do believe that muff heard every word.

MARIA. Have you learnt anything, papa?

WILK. (*aside*). I'll go and take a turn in the street, and leave the young couple alone. Perhaps when she talks to him she'll find out what a fool she has been to take a fancy to him. (*as he is going out a CUSTOMER enters, L., and knocks against him*) Do get out of the way, sir. [*Exit, L.*]

ROB. Three thousand pounds, miss!

MARIA. Sir!

TOMK. (*getting between them*). Angel!

ROB. He has heard!

SARAH. Mr. Robinson, here's a customer want's you. [*Exit, door R.*]

ROB. I order you, Tomkins, to go and serve at the counter. (TOMKINS *goes behind counter—business with CUSTOMER*) It is with the permission of your father that I venture to avow to you an—

MARIA. What do you mean?

TOMK. (*coming between them*). It is a person who wants to speak to you about some agricultural instruments in the yard.

ROB. (*aside*). Confound him! (*to CUSTOMER*) This way, sir—this way! [*Exit, door R.*]

MARIA. What can all this mean?

TOMK. (L.). Miss — (*hoarsely*.)

MARIA. You here again! Leave me alone!

TOMK. Never! That man—that Robinson, is an imposter. (*voice breaks*.)

MARIA. In what way?

TOMK. He has deceived your father—I alone can clear up this mystery. The man you love did not gain your affections by bringing back your dog; it was his voice charmed you. Do you remember Bloomsbury-square?

MARIA. Who could have told you? Do you know him?

TOMK. Intimately.

MARIA. Oh, speak, then. Where is he—what has he become?

TOMK. He has not risen in the world.

MARIA. I knew he was poor—his hat was a bad one.

TOMK. Ah, you remember the hat?

MARIA. No matter—it was my pity for him that made me love him.

TOMK. (*looking up to the sky*). Angel, angel!

MARIA. Yes, when I saw him I felt I was destined to raise up that unappreciated genius, that I should minister to his wants. Is he near?

TOMK. Beneath this humble roof.

MARIA. Fetch him—call him!

TOMK. He stands before you. (*puts himself in the attitude of a musician playing the guitar, using frying-pan.*)

MARIA. Impossible!

TOMK. It is true—I am Tomkins the Troubadour.

MARIA. It is his attitude, certainly.

TOMK. (*aside*). She remembers me.

MARIA. Let me look at you well.

TOMK. (*turning round*). As long as you like.

MARIA. What has become of your beautiful long hair?

TOMK. It is in my trunk.

MARIA. And your beard?

TOMK. With my hair.

MARIA (*trying to change the conversation*). Do you know my dog is dead?

TOMK. (*taking her round the waist and walking about*). Let us drop a tear over him—but let us talk now of ourselves.

MARIA. Why did you leave off singing in Bloomsbury-square? The last time I was there I threw you some pence wrapped up in a paper.

TOMK. (*aside*). She aims well—they hit me on the nose! (*aloud, tenderly*) When are we to be married? (*singing and breaking down*) "Oh, name the day."

MARIA. You must ask papa.

TOMK. And what shall I say to him?

MARIA. Tell him that you gave me back my dog.

TOMK. (*falling on his knees and taking her hand*). Oh, happiness! Oh, my love!

*Enter ROBINSON, D. R. F.*

ROB. (*coming down*). Miss—

MARIA. Oh! (*runs through door, R. ROBINSON stares at TOMKINS, who quietly rises and dusts his knees.*)

ROB. Well, I am blowed!

[*Exit TOMKINS, proudly, D. R. G.*]

*Re-enter SARAH, D. R. C.*

SARAH. Mr. Robinson, I've sold the cow.

ROB. Go to the devil, cow and all.

SARAH. For seven pounds thirteen.

ROB. Go to the devil, I say!

SARAH. Well, to be sure—he's cracked now, like the other.

[*Exit, L. D. R. C.*]

*Re-enter WILKINS, D. L.*

WILK. Strange, strange adventure! Whilst I've been walking up and down in the street, I've been thinking. How do I know that this young man is not deceiving me? Perhaps he's mercenary—can I have been humbugged? I, John Wilkins, coal merchant, and respected as such—I

should like to catch any one trying on his games with me, (*raises his cane*) I'd give him a lesson that he would not forget.

*Enter TOMKINS, got up in his best clothes, D. R. C.*

TOMK. She told me to speak to her father—there he is—now for it. Mr. Wilkins!

WILK. (L. C.). And pray what do you want?

TOMK. Mr. Wilkins, I was born of poor but honest parents—

WILK. What do I care?

TOMK. They left me an untarnished name—

WILK. I say, sir, what do I care about what they left you?

TOMK. My early education was neglected—

WILK. So I dare say.

TOMK. At the early age of seven, my parents having destined me for commercial pursuits, I engaged in a speculation in cigar lights.

WILK. My dear boy let me shake you by the hand.

TOMK. Chance, sir, enabled me to catch a few words of your recent disclosures.

WILK. Continue, sir, pray continue. (*takes his hat and cane off counter.*)

TOMK. The person whom you are looking for, I know him.

WILK. Continue, I am paying the greatest attention to what you say.

TOMK. One evening—a balmy summer's eve—(*aside*) Why has he taken up his cane?

WILK. Go on—I am not losing a word.

TOMK. A balmy summer's eve—But allow me to put your cane down.

WILK. No, thank you, it keeps me warm. You were saying a summer's eve—

TOMK. A balmy summer's eve—But don't raise your cane like that, it distracts me.

WILK. Never mind, pray continue your interesting tale.

TOMK. (*very confused*). Well, sir, you are a father—you have a daughter—

WILK. And a cane.

TOMK. Yes, and a cane. I say you are a father, and you love your cane—no, I mean your daughter—you are seeking for a young stranger—

WILK. Go on, pray go on.

TOMK. Well, this young stranger—

WILK. Go on.

TOMK. This fortunate mortal—

WILK. Go on, scoundrel!

TOMK. Sir!

WILK. Come, out with it—tell me that it was you, and I'll break every bone in your body.

TOMK. Then it wasn't me.

WILK. Ah, that's another thing; you are an honest young fellow—I'm sorry that it was not you.

TOMK. Really—well, then—

WILK. Don't say that it was you, or I'll thrash you within an inch of your life.

TOMK. No, it was not me. (*aside*) I'm in a pretty mess.

*Re-enter MARIA, door R.*

MARIA. Well, papa!

TOMK. (*aside*). If she says it was me he'll kill me.

MARIA. You know that the person we were looking for is—



TOMK. Is not me.

MARIA (*astonished*). Eh?

WILK. Is not this honest lad, he's already told me so, strange, strange journey—I feel my head spinning round—I, a man of business. (*sits down by the counter.*)

MARIA (*low*). What, when papa was going to allow me to marry—

TOMK. Let you marry? he's an old fox, he want's to murder him, if he can discover him.

MARIA. Good heavens! you don't say so.

TOMK. Judge for yourself. (*to WILKINS*) Mr. Wilkins.

WILK. Did you speak to me?

TOMK. (*R.*). I was telling your daughter that you have a great dislike to any one who says the simple words—it was I.

WILK. (*rushing at him with cane into R. corner*). It was you, was it? Get out of my way. Maria, let me get at him. (*TOMPKINS rushes behind counter, jumps over it.*)

*Re-enter ROBINSON, L.*

ROB. What's up here—what's all this row?

TOMK. (*pointing to ROBINSON*). It was him!

ROB. Eh, what?

TOMK. (*to MARIA*). Say so too.

MARIA (*without understanding*). Yes, papa, it was he.

WILK. The man with the dog, you have recognized him, then?

ROB. (*aside*). A lucky chance!

TOMK. (*rubbing his hands*). Won't he catch it?

WILK. (*to MARIA*). Why did you not say so at once. (*to ROBINSON*) My dear sir, I took you for a knave, I see that I was mistaken. If you and my daughter really love each other, you shall be married as soon as the banns have been published.

MARIA (*to TOMKINS*). This is all your fault.

ROB. (*throwing himself at MARIA's feet*). My 'eart, miss, beats.

TOMK. (*coming between*). This will never do. Mr. Wilkins, I say boldly, it was I.

WILK. Scoundrel! (*tries to get at him, MARIA holds him back.*)

TOMK. Ask your daughter.

MARIA. Yes, papa, it was he.

WILK. He, also, then there are two—did my ears deceive me? Wretched child!

MARIA. Ah, papa! (*falls into his arms.*)

WILK. Fainted, of course—she always does—a chair, a chair. (*TOMKINS and ROBINSON get hold of chair, and struggle who shall place it*) Don't stand there making fools of yourselves, get some water, some vinegar, anything. (*they both rush to door in R. c., and struggle to get out*) My child!

MARIA (*coming to, and getting up*). But, papa, you don't understand—

WILK. She speaks! thank heaven, she is restored to me.

MARIA. You won't understand that the young men—

WILK. Which of them?

MARIA. The one whom I first saw in London.

WILK. In London! you saw him in London? What a revelation!

MARIA. In our square.

WILK. In Bloomsbury-square? ✓

MARIA. Yes! he came there every day, and sang on his guitar.

WILK. What, he sang—

MARIA. "Gayly the Troubadour."

WILK. Eh—what—that vile screecher? Good gracious!

MARIA. But now, papa, he is engaged in commercial pursuits.

WILK. Apprentice to an ironmonger—hum—and you recognized him?

MARIA. Yes, he told me he was the person.

WILK. Unhappy child.

MARIA. What do you mean?

WILK. Both of them say that they are the person who you are looking for.

MARIA. But if he would only sing, I should know his voice.

WILK. His voice! True, a good idea; I know what to do now—go back, my child, into that room.

MARIA. What are you going to do?

WILK. Never mind, trust your old father—he's a long way from a fool. (*exit MARIA, door R.*) I begin to see clear; I did not think that I was a man likely to be humbugged. I remember that detestable song that was howled every day under my windows for months.

*Re-enter TOMKINS and ROBINSON with water and vinegar, R. C., they rush to chair vacated by MARIA, and in which WILKINS is sitting, one each side of chair, and they each upset contents of glasses on him and themselves.*

TOMK. }  
and } Where is she?

ROB. }

WILK. Retired; you are in the presence of her father. Be good enough to sing.

TOMK. }  
and } Eh—what—sing?

ROB. }

WILK. Yes; the song of Bloomsbury-square. My daughter for a song!

ROB. What's this new whim, and the story of the dog?

WILK. Leave the dog alone. One of you is a villain, very likely both—we shall soon clear up the mystery. Now for it, my Troubadour. Ah, ah, we play the guitar, do we? Well, play it.

ROB. }  
and } Done.

TOMK. }

ROB. No matter—I'll have a try—his daughter and three thousand pounds.

TOMK. The song of Bloomsbury-square.

ROB. Do you know it?

TOMK. Yes, but I've no voice.

ROB. I've a voice, but I don't know it.

TOMK. And the cow's sold! My life for a glass of milk.

ROB. My life for a verse of this infernal song.

*SARAH enters, C.*

SARAH. He would not drink out of a cup.

ROB. What do I care?

SARAH. So I bought a bottle. (*shows bottle.*)

TOMK. (*aside.*) What do I hear? a singing bottle? I'm saved, if it's only full. (*takes bottle and rushes out, D. R. C.*)

ROB. Where's he off to? What a position—a fortune for one single verse!

SARAH. Give it me.

ROB. Here it is—a shilling—go on. (SARAH sings "Meet me in the Lane," or any popular tune) Go to the devil! that's not it, I'm certain—give me back my shilling! (MARIA is heard singing off, R., "Gayly the Troubadour," etc.) That must be it—if I could only catch the words.

SARAH. Oh, I know that—it's Mr. Tomkin's song.

ROB. Hush, hush—let me hear it. (SARAH sings and drowns MARIA's voice) There, I've lost the second line! Do, for Heaven's sake, shut up. (WILKINS gets up from counting-house, and comes down.)

WILK. What's all this noise? What are you doing here? (to SARAH.)

SARAH. Nothing, sir. (aside) What a cross old fellow! [Exit, D. R. F.]

WILK. And you, my noble troubadour—now, then, I can't wait all day—better sing, or own that you are a humbug.

ROB. (aside). I know the first line—perhaps that will satisfy him. (sings) "Gayly the troubadour touched his guitar."

WILK. He knows it—can he be the real one? Go on. (ROBINSON sings the same line again) We've heard that—go on—the second line.

TOMKINS appears at door R. C., drinking milk from feeding-bottle, and playing guitar.

TOMK. (sings).

"Gayly the troubadour touched his guitar,  
As he was hastening home from the war;  
Gayly the troubadour touched his guitar,  
Troubadour! Troubadour!"

WILK. Good heavens!

ROB. Why, he's got the calf's bottle.

MARIA enters.

MARIA. Those accents! Ah, how well I remember those words—that voice!

WILK. Aye, and I remember it too! There are not two voices like that in England.

TOMK. (to WILKINS). You see we love each other. Do not reduce two young hearts to despair.

WILK. Well, I suppose I must accept you as a son-in-law.

TOMK. Oh, joy!

ROB. I'm done!

SARAH enters.

SARAH. I've sold the calf!

ROB. Curse your calf!

WILK. But I only consent to this marriage on one condition.

TOMK. Name it.

WILK. That you promise not to sing while I am within ten miles of you.

MARIA. Oh, papa, only think of his beautiful voice.

WILK. I don't want to hear beautiful voices—I don't like beautiful voices.

TOMK. (pointing to AUDIENCE). Not theirs at the end of the piece?

WILK. That is different.

TOMK. I know how to please. (comes forward, sings) "Gayly the Troubadour."

ROBINSON.

MARIA.

TOMKINS.

WILKINS.

SARAH.

R.

L.

CURTAIN.

# De Witt's Acting Plays—Continued.

No.

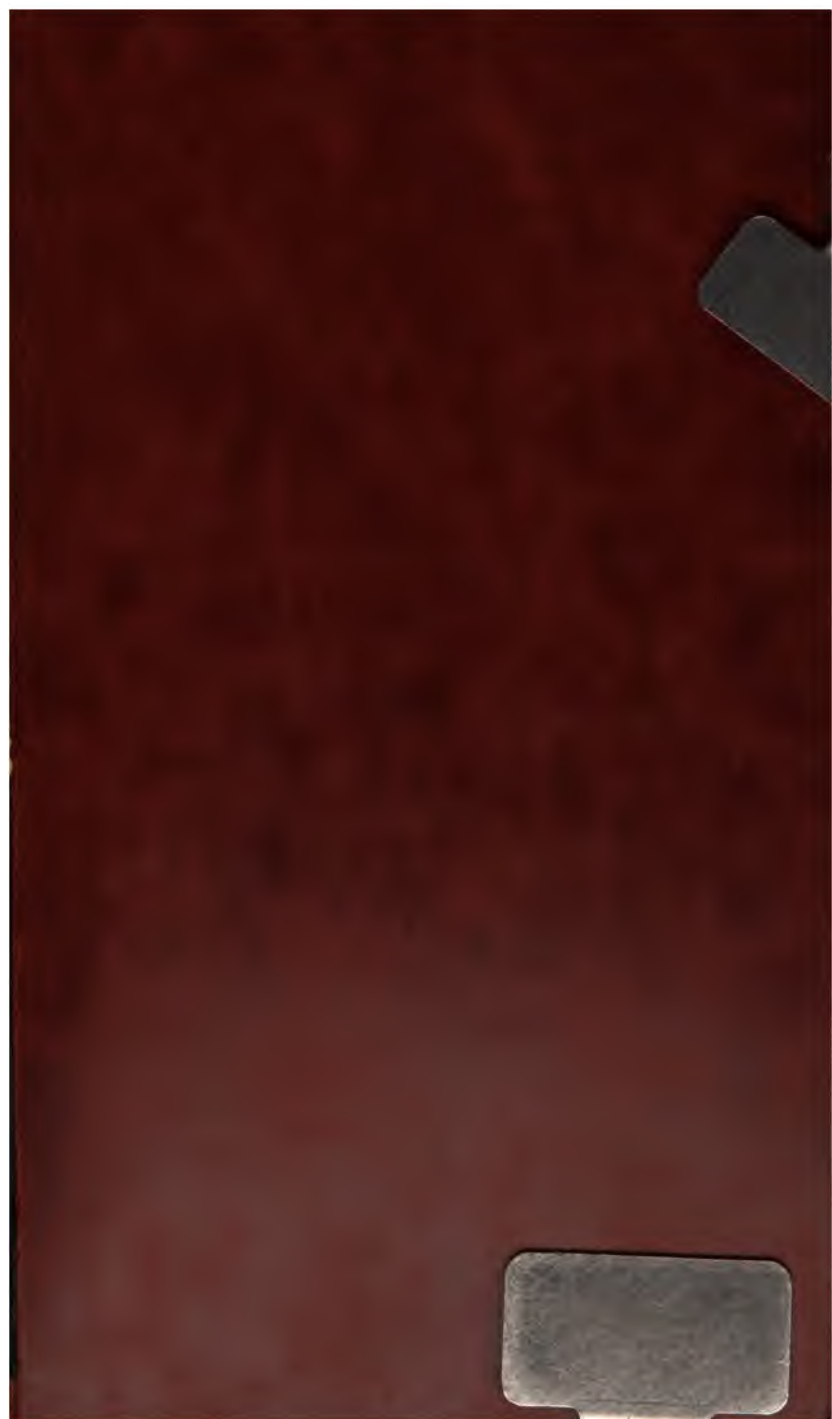
49. **The Midnight Watch.** Drama. 1 Act. By John M. Morton. 3 Male, 2 Female Characters.
50. **The Porter's Knot.** Serio-Comic Drama. 2 Acts. By John Oxenford. 3 Male, 2 Female Characters.
51. **A Model for a Wife.** Farce. 1 Act. By Alfred Wigan. 3 Male, 2 Female Characters.
52. **A Cup of Tea.** Comedietta. 1 Act. By Charles Nuttall and J. Darley. 3 Male, 1 Female Characters.
53. **Goatshead's Money-Box.** Farce. 1 Act. By Harry Lemon. 4 Male, 2 Female Characters.
54. **The Young Collegian.** Farce. 1 Act. By T. W. Robertson. 3 Male, 2 Female Characters.
55. **Catherine Howard;** or, **The Throne, the Tomb and the Scaffold.** Historic Play. 3 Acts. By W. D. Suter. 12 Male, 5 Female Characters.
56. **Two Gay Deceivers;** or, **Black, White and Gray.** Farce. 1 Act. By T. W. Robertson. 3 Male Characters.
57. **Neemie.** Drama. 2 Acts. By T. W. Robertson. 4 Male, 4 Female Characters.
58. **Deborah (Leah);** or, **The Jewish Maiden's Wrout.** Drama. 3 Acts. By Chas. Smith Cheltenham. 7 Male, 6 Female Characters.
59. **The Post-Boy.** Drama. 2 Acts. By H. T. Craven. 5 Male, 3 Female Characters.
60. **The Hidden Hand;** or, **The Gray Lady of Moon.** Drama. 4 Acts. By Tom 5 Male, 6 Female Characters.
61. **Union.** Drama. 3 Acts. By 5 Male, 4 Female Characters.
62. **He Fix.** Farce. 1 Act. By 3 Male, 3 Female Characters.
63. **at any Price.** Farce. 1 Act. By J. Wooler. 5 Male, 3 Female Characters.
64. **A Household Fairy.** A Domestic Sketch. 1 Act. By Francis Talford. 1 Male, 1 Female Characters.
65. **Checkmate.** Comedy Farce. 2 Acts. By Andrew Halliday. 6 Male, 5 Female Characters.
66. **The Orange Girl.** Drama, in a Prologue and 3 Acts. By Henry Leslie. 18 Male, 4 Female Characters.
67. **The Birth-place of Podgers.** Farce. 1 Act. By John Hollingshead. 7 Male, 3 Female Characters.
68. **The Chevalier de St. George.** Drama. 3 Acts. By T. W. Robertson. 9 Male, 3 Female Characters.
69. **Caught by the Cuff.** Farce. 1 Act. By Frederick Hay. 4 Male, 1 Female Characters.
70. **The Bonnie Fish Wife.** Farce. 1 Act. By Charles Bulby. 3 Male, 1 Female Characters.
71. **Doing for the Best.** Domestic Drama. 2 Acts. By M. Raphino Lacy. 5 Male, 3 Female Characters.
72. **A Lane Excuse.** Farce. 1 Act. By Frederick Hay. 4 Male, 2 Female Characters.
73. **Fettered.** Drama. 3 Acts. By Watts Phillips. 11 Male, 4 Female Characters.
74. **The Garrick Fever.** Farce. 1 Act. By J. R. Planche. 7 Male, 4 Female Characters.
75. **Adrienne.** Drama. 3 Acts. By Henry Leslie. 7 Male, 3 Female Characters.
76. **Chops of the Channel.** Nautical Farce. 1 Act. By Frederick Hay. 3 Male, 2 Female Characters.
77. **The Bell of the Drama.** Drama. 3 Acts. By Thomas Egerton Wilks. 8 Male, 4 Female Characters.
78. **Special Performances.** Farce. 1 Act. By Wilmot Harrison. 7 Male, 3 Female Characters.
79. **A Sheep in Wolf's Clothing.** Domestic Drama. 1 Act. By Tom Taylor. 7 Male, 5 Female Characters.

No.

80. **A Charming Pair.** Farce. 1 Act. By Thomas J. Williams. 4 Male, 3 Female Characters.
81. **Vandyke Brown.** Farce. 1 Act. By A. C. Troughton. 3 Male, 3 Female Characters.
82. **Peep o' Day;** or, **Savourneen Dheelish.** (New Derry Lane Version.) Irish Drama. 4 Acts. By Edmund Falconer. 12 Male, 4 Female Characters.
83. **Thrice Married.** Personation Piece. 1 Act. By Howard Paul. 6 Male, 1 Female Characters.
84. **Not Guilty.** Drama. 4 Acts. By Watts Phillips. 10 Male, 6 Female Characters.
85. **Knocked in with a Lady.** Sketch from Life. By H. R. Addison. 1 Male, 1 Female Characters.
86. **The Lady of Lyons;** or, **Love and Pride.** (The Fichter Version.) Play. 5 Acts. By Lord Lytton. 10 Male, 3 Female Characters.
87. **Locked Out.** Comic Scene. 1 Act. By Howard Paul. 1 Male, 1 Female Characters.
88. **Founded on Facts.** Farce. 1 Act. By J. P. Wooler. 4 Male, 2 Female Characters.
89. **Aunt Charlotte's Maid.** Farce. 1 Act. By J. M. Morton. 3 Male, 3 Female Characters.
90. **Only a Halfpenny.** Farce. 1 Act. By John Oxenford. 2 Male, 3 Female Characters.
91. **Walpole;** or, **Every Man has his Price.** Comedy in Rhyme. 3 Acts. By Lord Lytton. 7 Male, 2 Female Characters.
92. **My Wife's Out.** Farce. 1 Act. By G. Herbert Rodwell. 2 Male, 3 Female Characters.
93. **The Area Belle.** Farce. 1 Act. By William Brough and Andrew Halliday. 3 Male, 2 Female Characters.
94. **Our Clerks;** or, **No. 3 Fig Tree Court Temple.** Farce. 1 Act. 7 Male, 5 Female Characters.
95. **The Pretty Horse Breaker.** Farce. 1 Act. By William Brough and Andrew Halliday. 3 Male, 10 Female Characters.
96. **Dearest Mamma.** Comedietta. 1 Act. By Walter Gordon. 4 Male, 3 Female Characters.
97. **Orange Blossoms.** Comedietta. 1 Act. By J. P. Wooler. 3 Male, 3 Female Characters.
98. **Who is Who?** or, **All in a Fog.** Farce. 1 Act. By Thomas J. Williams. 3 Male, 3 Female Characters.
99. **The Fifth Wheel.** Comedy. 3 Acts. 10 Male, 2 Female Characters.
100. **Jack Long;** or, **The Shot in the Eye.** Drama. 2 Acts. By J. B. Johnstone. 5 Male, 1 Female Characters.
101. **Fernande.** Drama. 3 Acts. By Victoria Gordon. 11 Male, 10 Female Characters.
102. **Felled.** Drama. 4 Acts. By O. W. Cornish. 8 Male, 3 Female Characters.
103. **Faust and Marguerite.** Drama. 3 Acts. By T. W. Robertson. 9 Male, 7 Female Characters.
104. **No Name.** Drama. 4 Acts. By Wilkie Collins. 7 Male, 5 Female Characters.
105. **Which of the Two.** Comedietta. 1 Act. By John M. Morton. 2 Male, 10 Female Characters.
106. **Up for the Cattle Show.** Farce. 1 Act. By Harry Lemon. 6 Male, 2 Female Characters.
107. **Cupboard Love.** Farce. 1 Act. By Fredrick Hay. 2 Male, 1 Female Characters.
108. **Mr. McGroggin.** Farce. 1 Act. By William Hancock. 3 Male, 3 Female Characters.
109. **Look'd In.** Comedietta. 1 Act. By J. P. Wooler. 3 Male, 3 Female Characters.
110. **Coppleton's Predicament.** Farce. 1 Act. By Charles M. Lacy. 3 Male, 6 Female Characters.
111. **The Liar.** Comedy. 2 Acts. By Sam'l Foote. Adapted and adapted by Charles M. Lacy. 7 Male and 2 Female Characters.

## De Witt's Acting Plays, Continued.

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| <p>No</p> <p>112. <b>Not a Bit Jealous.</b> A Farce, in 1 Act. By T. W. Robertson. 3 Male, 3 Female characters</p> <p>113. <b>Cyril's Success.</b> Comedy, in 5 Acts. By H. J. Byron. 9 Male, 5 Female characters.</p> <p>114. <b>Anything for a Change.</b> Petite Comedy, in 1 Act. By Shirley Brooks. 3 Male, 2 Female characters.</p> <p>115. <b>New Men and Old Acres.</b> Comedy, in 3 Acts. By Tom Taylor. 8 Male, 5 Female characters.</p> <p>116. <b>I'm not Meself at all.</b> An Original Irish Stew. By C. A. Maltby. 3 Male, 2 Female characters</p> <p>117. <b>Not Such a Fool as he Looks.</b> Farical Drama, in 3 Acts. By H. J. Byron. 5 Male, 4 Female characters.</p> <p>118. <b>Wanted, a Young Lady.</b> Farce, in 1 Act By W. E. Suter. 3 Male characters.</p> <p>119. <b>A Life Chase.</b> Drama, in 5 Acts. By John Oxenford. 14 Male, 5 Female characters</p> <p>120. <b>A Tempest in a Tea Pot.</b> Petite Comedy, in 1 Act. By Thomas Picon. 2 Male, 1 Female characters</p> <p>121. <b>A Comical Countess.</b> Farce, in 1 Act. By William Brough. 3 Male, 1 Female characters</p> <p>122. <b>Isabella Orsini.</b> Romantic Drama, in 4 Acts. By S. H. Mosenthal. 11 Male, 4 Female characters</p> <p>123. <b>The Two Poets.</b> Farce. By John Courtney. 4 Male, 4 Female characters</p> <p>124. <b>The Volunteer Review.</b> A Farce. By Thomas J. Williams, Esq. 6 Male, 6 Female characters</p> <p>125. <b>Deerfoot.</b> Farce, in 1 Act. By F. C. Burnand, Esq. 5 Male, 1 Female characters</p> <p>126. <b>Twice Killed.</b> Farce. By John Oxenford. 6 Male, 3 Female characters</p> <p>127. <b>Peggy Green.</b> Farce. By Charles Selby.— 3 Male, 10 Female characters</p> <p>128. <b>The Female Detective.</b> Original Drama, in 3 Acts. By C. H. Hazlewood, 11 Male, 4 Female characters</p> <p>129. <b>In for a Holiday.</b> Farce, in 1 Act. By F. C. Burnand, Esq. 2 Male, 3 Female characters</p> <p>130. <b>My Wife's Diary.</b> Farce, in 1 Act. By T. W. Robertson, 3 Male, 1 Female characters</p> <p>131. <b>Go to Putney.</b> Original Farce, in 1 Act. By Harry Lemon. 3 Male, 4 Female characters</p> <p>132. <b>A Race for a Dinner.</b> Farce. By J. T. G. Rodwell. 10 Male characters</p> <p>133. <b>Timothy to the Rescue.</b> Original Farce, in 1 Act. By Henry J. Byron, Esq. 4 Male, 2 Female characters</p> <p>134. <b>Tompkins the Troubadour.</b> Farce, in 1 Act. By Messrs. Lockroy and Marc Michel.— 3 Male, 2 Female characters</p> <p>135. <b>Everybody's Friend.</b> Original Comedy, in 3 Acts. By J. Stirling Coyne, Esq. 6 Male, 5 Female characters</p> <p>136. <b>The Woman in Red.</b> Drama, in 3 Acts and a Prologue. By J. Stirling Coyne, Esq. 6 Male, 8 Female characters</p> | <p>No</p> <p>137. <b>L'Article 47; or, Breaking the Ban.</b> Drama, in 3 Acts. By Adolphe Belot. 11 Male, 5 Female characters</p> <p>138. <b>Poll and Partner Joe; or the Pride of Putney, and the Praising Pirate.</b> New and Original Nautical Burlesque. By F. C. Burnand.— 7 Male, 6 Female characters</p> <p>139. <b>Joy's Dangerous.</b> Comedy, in 2 Acts. By James Mortimer. 3 Male, 3 Female characters</p> <p>140. <b>Never Reckon your Chickens.</b> Farce, in 1 Act. By Wybert Reeve. 3 Male, 4 Female characters</p> |
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Tomkins the troubadour;

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